

THE NORTHWEST

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

A Vexed Question Which Never Comes up for Discussion in Winter.

With the thermometer registering about 100 in the shade and not a breath of air stirring, to write upon the subject of "how to keep cool," seems more or less paradoxical, inasmuch as the writer sits at his desk divested of all superfluous clothing and striving in vain to keep from melting. Yet there remains no doubt but what one can keep cool if they only know how to go about it, and to point out the way is the sole object of this article. In the winter this question is not worth a thought, but in midsummer it is different, as all must acknowledge. On the old principal that Horace Greeley promulgated that "the way to resume is to resume," so the way to keep cool is to keep cool. This, however, in a literal sense, cannot always be done, and to the next best means must the question be submitted. The greater number of persons who suffer from summer heats owe a great deal of their discomfort to the fact that they pay no attention to their diet and partake of all the heat-producing foods which are placed before them, and in consequence suffer most terribly during the heated term. To keep cool in summer requires a great deal of self-denial, but the end will justify the means if anyone practices what the dictates of common sense indicate in the way of eating and exercise.

All the old saws about excessive use of ice water, and avoiding drafts while overheated and all these things, are well enough in their way, but the way to keep cool is to do so mentally and the bodily part will take care of itself. More deaths from melting on account of heated brains than ever resulted from overheated bodies, and the way to keep cool is to avoid all kinds of excitement, stimulants and heating foods, and the rest is easy enough. You may do something in the way of perspiration, but if the injunctions mentioned above are observed, but little discomfort will result from the heated condition of the atmosphere. These remarks are given to the world for what they are worth, and by a man who always keeps cool, it matters not what arises, and therefore feels competent to offer these suggestions to a suffering and sweltering people.

DIAMOND CUTTING.

How the Process is Carried On—A Disc That Moves at the Rate of 75 Miles an Hour.

[Paul Mail Gazette.]
Diamond cutting is a work which requires great skill and indomitable patience on the part of the workman, and his training is long and severe, for, despite the machinery which is used, much depends upon the deftness of the workman (who is handsomely remunerated for his trouble). He must be able to tell from an examination of the rough stone what is the proper treatment—that is, its shape and the number of its facets. An inferior workman can spoil twenty or thirty pounds' worth of property in as many seconds. But the difficulty may be more easily imagined when we say (on Mr. Streeter's authority) that even the Kohnor has faults from the connoisseur's point of view. This famous jewel was clumsily cut by a Venetian named Hortensio Borgia that it was reduced from 798 carats to 186, and rendered as dull as a piece of rock crystal. It was afterwards reduced to about 108 carats, and even now still retains a vitreous luster. As a rule, a rough diamond loses 75 per cent. of its weight in cutting and polishing, if it is to be turned out in the most effective manner. It would be difficult to describe with any minuteness the technicalities of a diamond factory. Sufficient it is to say the operations, though limited in scope, are of the most delicate nature. It is often necessary to split or cleave a stone whether to divide it into smaller portions or to off-excesses which would be fatal to the approved contour. If a stone has to be divided it is carefully marked and split by a highly tempered steel blade. If a stone has to be cut it is placed in a matrix of lead attached to a ferrule, which, on cooling, holds the stone tight. Another stone is placed in a like manner against the other, the tools being held by the workman over a small oil and long box, in which is placed a sieve, through which the invaluable diamond dust is sifted, to be used up as a paster in the process of polishing. Hour after hour the patient craftsman rubs diamond against diamond, now moistening their heated surfaces, now heating the matrix and turning another angle to the top, which in its turn becomes a perfect facet. When the required number of facets are cut on the stone is passed on to the polisher. Every polisher sits before a disc revolving on a steel spindle, with a diamond and a piece of diamond, at a rate of seventy-five miles an hour, and resting on its smooth surface are three or four clips; each hold a ferrule, at the end of which is the matrix, in which the diamond has again been embedded. By an adjusting screw the facet, which is being polished, rests at a certain angle on the lubricated disc, and every few minutes each one is lifted off and examined, in order to see whether it is "nearly done," or "how it is getting on." To each man is delivered a diamond or number of diamonds in a small paper parcel, and for these he is responsible.

Chamois skin may be cleansed by rubbing into it putty of soap and then laying it for two hours in a weak solution of soda and warm water. At the end of this time rub it until it is quite clean, rinsing it in clean warm water, in which soda and yellow soap have been dissolved. It should then be wrung dry in a rough towel pulled and brushed. This process makes the leather soft and pliable. It should never be rinsed in clear water. The soap water causes it to become soft.

For Hay Fever.

"Give Ely's Cream Balm a trial. This justly celebrated remedy for the cure of catarrh, hay fever, cold in the head, &c., can be obtained of any reputable druggist, and may be relied upon as a safe and pleasant remedy for the above complaints and will give immediate relief. It is not a liquid, snuff or powder, has no offensive odor and can be used at any time with good results, as thousands can testify among them of the attaches of this office."—*Spirit of the Times*, May 29, 1886.

THE PAPER-WEIGHT.

It Figures as the Savior of Human Lives.

In one corner of the long library there stood an ebony secretary which was old and stained with use when the present century was yet unborn. No one knew where this antique desk, with its ogre-like back, goblin arms and gnarled and knotted legs which ended in great carved claws, had come from originally. The master of the house had picked it up in a little unfrequented inn in Roumelia. It had stood in his bed chamber, where it served as dressing-case, lavatory and clothes-press. During the night its grim presence, so oddly out of place, like a tomb-stone in a drawing room, had given to his dreams a strangeness and a vividness that made an impression upon him which the bright sunlight of the succeeding day utterly failed to remove. So he bargained with the tavern-keeper for it through the medium of his valet, so as not to excite the old man's curiosity, and finally bought it for an amount much larger than its value, and had it shipped to his residence in this city. This is the story he tells to those of his guests who are attracted by its grotesqueness, but the servants-fond of the way, knows so much about the house as the servants—tell a different story. The valet who bargained for it relates a weird tale of murder in the old castle among the Balkan mountains where the secretary is supposed to have originated, of a missing will, of secret drawers under the goblin's arms, of trickery, of a charming heiress and of an eventual clearing up of the mystery to the intense enjoyment of all. This is the tale of the servant-hall, and in the hands of the glib valet it thrills his listeners and adds not a little to his fame as a hero, for valets are only human after all. But wherever it came from, whatever its age and however romantic its past history may have been, its present is certainly commonplace enough. In one end of the library, on a Parisian rug of great richness of color and depth of pile, it stands the mute and immovable attendant upon five o'clock tea, ever ready to take and hold a tray, where his history is as little appreciated as though it were planted in a drawing-room on the planet Mars.

Upon the shelves in the back of the secretary there are various curiosities of varying degrees of value and ugliness, also picked up in odd places in the Old World and valued chiefly for their usefulness and rarity. Among these is a vase prettily shaped, for a wonder, and delicately colored. It came from an Orient, where several hundred years ago some patient Celestials spent days and weeks compounding and mixing, with pebbles and mortars, shaping and reshaping, burning and glazing, until this article was turned out a perfect one of its kind. This vase is very proud of its rarity and its value. In the catalogue which the owner has it is described as a "vase of the Orient," and is marked in large figures printed in very black type. The amount is ten thousand dollars, and connoisseurs declare it is a rare bargain even at that. On either side of it are other vases, not so pretty, some antique pots and mugs, and various other articles of vertu which with saucers rough and cracked, and plates long since used, go to make up an industrious amateur's collection. On the desk below these shelves there is some writing paper, a magazine or two, a paper knife of Japanese manufacture, and a plain-shapen, iron paper-weight with a turned knob handle. It is clearly more for use than ornament, and the presence of anything else so many ornaments often gives rise to talk, for bric-a-brac will gossip as well as people, and with as little judgment too. On this occasion the library was very quiet. The guests had gone down to the lights were turned down and the ornaments felt in a more talkative mood than usual.

"Well," observed the Japanese Paper Knife to the Chinese Vase. "You have had praise enough to-day to satisfy any one who is not disposed to be greedy. Which, of course, you are not," it added, with cutting irony.

"Yes," replied the Vase languidly, for it learned that all fashionable people were languid—the more fashionable the more languid they were—and it was an apt scholar. "Yes they seemed to think that I am very rare and very beautiful."

At this remark the Egyptian Idol at the farther end of the shelf smiled with exceeding contemptuousness and added not a little to the hideousness its maker had given it.

"Beautiful indeed!" it chuckled, maliciously. "I only last year they called me beautiful!"

"That was a joke, my dear Idol," broke in the Knife, sharply. "They occasionally do get off a joke now and then by way of diversion."

"They never called you beautiful," retorted the Idol, rudely.

"No," responded the Knife, "I am useful."

"Well, so was I, for that matter," answered the Idol. "Several thousands of years ago, when I was young, I presided over the destinies of a kingdom and I was consulted about every thing that was done."

"I dare say," snapped back the Knife, "and where, I may ask, is that nation now?"

"What makes you so valuable?" asked the Paper-Weight of the Vase.

"I am so rare," answered the ornament with a faint trace of enthusiasm, "and I cost the labor of many men in very many years. I represent years of toil, of trials, of sacrifice, for the men who made me gave up their pleasures during that time and were shut up in a dingy workshop like so many slaves. I am the result of a secret process. Even the Emperor did not know how I was made."

"And you?" interrupted the Knife, inquisitively, to the Weight, "what did you cost? How much are you worth?" It asked, sarcastically.

"I really don't know," replied the Weight, modestly. "I never asked."

"Never asked," repeated the Idol, disdainfully. "Have you a history? Have you anything to recommend you to this remarkable and choice collection?"

"I don't know," answered the Weight, reflectively, after a short pause. "I was dug out of an iron mine in Michigan."

"Michigan? Where's that?" queried the Vase. "Anywhere near Paris?"

"No," responded the Weight, artlessly. "Michigan is in this country. This mine is near the white shore of Lake Superior, by the side of a mountain brook which tumbles over the sharp rocks and seethes and boils as it rushes through a narrow cut in the hill-side. On one side of the great shaft with its

steeply of pine boards is the lake; on the other side are the pine forests, thick and dense as when they were owned by the Indians. In this forest a little space has been cleared, and within this is a score or more of houses, where the miners live. One day many years ago, a stout, strapping miner named Bill, left his wife and babies at his cottage door—for this miner's wife was a neat and thrifty soul and had beautified their house until it was the pride of the camp—and started for the shaft. In his great coat pockets he had a few slices of bread and flask of liquor, together with a piece of meat, in case he met with any accident while underground. With his comrades he descended the long-shaft, the end of which reached way down into the very bowels of the earth. Hand over hand he climbed the next ladder, then down the next, then the next, and still down another, until he was almost dizzy in the darkness, farther and farther into the warm blackness of those regions where the light of the day is never seen, down another ladder and still another he went, until at last he reached the solid rock and was soon at the farther end of one of the great tunnels which stretch out from the base of the shaft like the legs of a spider, so crooked and black are they. All morning long they worked until it was almost noon, and he was just preparing to leave his work for his luncheon. The lamp on his glazed hat had burned almost out. His strong arms were tired with their hard work and he was not sorry that the day was half over. He gave one more stroke with his pick, sinking his sharp point into the ore and bringing to his feet a small piece which sparkled in the dim rays of his lamp. As he stooped over to pick it up he heard a sound that blanched his brown cheeks, turned his blood into water and made his heart stand still—a sound that once heard is never forgotten—the sound of a fire alarm explosion. It was a dull roar, which made the earth tremble as if with fear. Then there was darkness—an unhealthy, suffocating closeness—and all was over. With a wisdom born of experience Bill instinctively felt in his pocket for his matches, then hastily groped for his lamp, thrust himself prone upon his face and waited. Soon he heard a call which was answered by another call, then another, and he soon found that there were six live miners cooped up in this narrow tunnel—for the explosion had blocked one end with an unyielding mass of rock in Egyptian darkness—cooped up there to starve, or perhaps to suffocate. Shut out forever from the blessed light of day, from the free, open air, shut up there as though they were buried alive in their coffins—with not a single chance to live. With an instinct more than reason Bill kept this little piece of iron in his hand until it was warm and damp with the sweat of horror before he discovered that he had it. Then he put it into his pocket mechanically, then took it out to throw it away and then again, unthinkingly, put it back, as a man might idly clutch his fingers as he stood upon the gallows.

"How long they sat there dumb with horror they couldn't tell. The tunnel, fortunately, was high and the air they breathed promised to last some time, but what use was that? It only prolonged their agony, and when they realized this they swore again. At last they felt the pangs of hunger and they ate. At length, tired out with excitement, they slept, and thus the hours passed into days until finally their food, procured with the utmost care, had dwindled into nothing—not even a bite—and, weak with hunger, they dragged themselves to the lower end of their grave and laid themselves down to die.

"Finally they heard the faint tapping of a pick. The miners were coming to their rescue. At first they could hardly believe their senses. But there could be no mistake about it. Louder grew the noise. Nearer came their rescuers. At length they could almost hear their voices. Then for a time these ceased.

"Oh, the fools!" gasped the prisoners in horror. "They are going to leave us now that they are only a foot away, and we can't make them know that we are alive!" One miner staggered up to the partition and vainly kicked it. Then they united their voices in a shout. Then they waited. Poor fools! they ought to have waited. Then they screamed and shouted and sobbed, but the thick walls of their grave shut in their cries as they did the daylight and air. Again the picks were heard and again they stopped. Suddenly Bill recollected the rock which lay in his pocket. He drew it forth and with all the energy of his fast-departing strength he threw it against the wall. Then they waited breathlessly. For a moment there was silence. Then the picking began again with redoubled energy. The signal had been heard. They were saved. With a great cry the dying men dragged themselves nearer together, threw their grimy arms around each others' necks and wept for joy. They were safe at last. Half an hour later the picks were through the wall, and that afternoon the dead were brought to life and the living were restored to their families.

"I," added the Weight, modestly, "was made of that piece of iron. That's my story."

"But how did the master come to get you? Does he know your story?" Asked the Knife.

"I think he does. It was he who dug me out. His name is Bill."—*Benjamin Northpole*, in *N.Y. Graphic*.

One story of Charles A. Dana is worth repeating. The incident occurred while Dana was managing editor of the *Tribune*. Howard was officiating as war correspondent. A great battle had been fought, and Joe was telegraphing a description of it. He began with an exordium: "To God be all the glory! Mine eyes have seen the work of the Lord, and the cause of the righteous has triumphed!" with more of the same sort, followed by the words: "The Army of the Potomac is triumphant! We have won a great victory!" A day or two afterward he received a letter something like the following: "Hereafter, in sending your reports, please specify the number of the hymn, and save telegraph expenses. Charles A. Dana."—*Boston Post*.

Parker's Tonic kept in a home is a sentinel to keep sickness out. Used discreetly, it keeps the blood pure, and the stomach, liver and kidneys in working order. Coughs and colds vanish before it. It builds up the health. No wise mother will be without it. Imo

Four deaf mutes called on the President the other day, and it is safe to say they were the most agreeable callers he has had since he entered the White House.

FIGHTING FIERCELY ON THE DEEP.

A Thrasher Shark and Sword Fish Conquer a Great Sperm Whale.

NEW ORLEANS, July 6.—Captain Grimes and officers of the British steamship *Humbolt*, just arrived from Rio, report having witnessed off the coast of San Salvador a terrific combat between a tremendous sperm whale, a thrasher shark and sword fish. The whale had been attacked by the thrasher and the sword fish and the sea was lashed with seething foam. Size and strength were with the broad-backed sperm, which, wheeling round as if working on a swivel, swung its huge tail with mighty power. It would raise itself clear out of the water, spurt through its nostrils and make frantic efforts to annihilate its foes. The tactics adopted by the pair were successful. The thrasher, springing upon the back of the whale, clung there at the same time lashing the unfortunate creature with its tail. Great sea animal was not able to cast it off. There it held and lashed, while the swordfish drove his sword time after time into the side of the whale. The waters were dyed with blood, and in a short time the whale succumbed to the effects of the beating and the stabbing, and floated off dead.

Lord, John, Cut It Short!
(Indianaapolis Journal.)

A woman who has a very religious husband was at the breakfast-table one morning when her husband's prayer was longer drawn out than usual. A suspicious smell of overdone biscuits was wafted slowly but surely toward her olfactory organs. She giggled and twisted, and thought of her biscuits, and at last, when her husband started off ashen on a new track, to which there seemed no end, she started the good Lord, "I've bread in the oven!"

Those who believe that nature will work off a cough or cold should understand that this is done at the expense of the constitution. Each time this weakens the system, and we all know that the termination of this dangerous practice is a consumptive's grave. Don't take the chances, when a fifty cent bottle of Dr. Bigelow's Positive Cure will safely and promptly cure any Cough, Cold or Throat or Lung trouble. Buy the bottle of for chronic cases or family use. Sold by J. C. Saur.

Very taking in its way—Small-fox.

Sheriff's Sale.

Augustus Piliot, as County Treasurer of Henry county, Ohio,

Order of sale from Henry County Court of Common Pleas.

By virtue of an order of sale issued from the above named Court and to me directed as Sheriff of Henry county, I will offer at public sale at the north door of the Court House, in Napoleon, Ohio, on

Saturday, August 7, 1886,

at the hour of 2 o'clock, p. m., of said day, the following described real estate, situated in Henry county, Ohio, to-wit:

The south half of the north-west quarter of section number nine (9), in township number three (3), north of range eight (8) East, in Henry county, Ohio.

Appraised at \$200.

Terms of sale, cash.

FREDERICK ALLER, Sheriff of Henry county, Ohio.

R. W. Cahill, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Napoleon, Ohio, July 7, 1886. \$3.10

Sheriff's Sale.

Henry Holtermann, as County Treasurer of Henry county, Ohio,

Order of Sale from Henry County Court of Common Pleas.

By virtue of an order of sale issued from the above named Court and to me directed as Sheriff of Henry county, I will offer at public sale at the north door of the Court House, in Napoleon, Ohio, on

Saturday, August 7, 1886,

at the hour of 2 o'clock, p. m., of said day, the following described real estate, situated in Henry county, Ohio, to-wit:

The North-east quarter of section number twelve (12), in Township number three (3) North of range number eight (8) East, in Henry county, Ohio.

Appraised at \$200.

Terms of sale, cash.

FREDERICK ALLER, Sheriff of Henry county, Ohio.

R. W. Cahill, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Napoleon, Ohio, July 7, 1886. \$7.50

Sheriff's Sale.

A. Piliot, as County Treasurer of Henry Co., O.,

Order of Sale from Henry County Court of Common Pleas.

By virtue of an order of sale issued from the above named Court and to me directed as Sheriff of Henry county, I will offer at public sale at the north door of the Court House, in Napoleon, Ohio, on

Saturday, August 7, 1886,

at the hour of 2 o'clock, p. m., of said day, the following described real estate, situated in Henry county, Ohio, to-wit:

Section No. 10, town 19, north of range 7 east, and more particularly described as commencing 9 rods and 20 links of the corner of sections 19 and 20 and 29 and 30, same town and range, thence following the same section line and road 50 rods a distance of 48 rods and 13 links, thence south 41 degrees, west 21 rods and 17 links, thence south 42 degrees, west 35 rods and 1 link to a road running to Napoleon, thence following said road 50 rods and 13 links to the place of beginning, containing 160 forty-two one hundredths acres of land more or less.

Appraised at \$400.

Terms of sale, cash.

FREDERICK ALLER, Sheriff of Henry county, Ohio.

W. W. Campbell, assignee of judgment.

Napoleon, Ohio, June 28, 1886. \$10.00

W. F. BAUM, Surveyor and Civil Engineer.

TOWNSHIP work promptly attended to. Ditch and road positions written without charge. Office on round floor of Northwest building.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

This medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonic, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an infallible remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation. After Iron medicine, it enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves heartburn and belching, and strengthens the muscular and nervous system.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

Get the genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

July 7-1886

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Joseph Murray vs. Samuel Dyer, Jr., et al.

Order of sale from Henry County Court of Common Pleas.

By virtue of an order of sale issued from the above named Court and to me directed as Sheriff of Henry county, I will offer at public sale at the north door of the Court House, in Napoleon, Ohio, on

Saturday, July 17, 1886,

at the hour of 2 o'clock, p. m., of said day, the following described real estate, situated in Henry county, Ohio, to-wit:

The south-west quarter (1-4) of the South-west quarter (1-4) of Section No. Fourteen (14), Town No. Five (5), North of Range No. Seven (7) East in said Henry county, Ohio, (one one-half (1-2) of an acre thereof out of the South-west corner of said described lands).

Appraised at \$200.

Terms of sale, cash.

FREDERICK ALLER, Sheriff of Henry county, Ohio.

R. W. Cahill, Atty. for Plt.

Napoleon, Ohio, June 12, 1886. \$9.00

Sheriff's Sale.

The Aultman and Taylor Company vs. Joseph E. Sharp, et al.

Order of sale from Henry County Court of Common Pleas.

By virtue of an order of sale issued from the above named Court and to me directed as Sheriff of Henry county, I will offer at public sale at the north door of the Court House, in Napoleon, Ohio, on

Saturday, July 17, 1886,

at the hour of 2 o'clock, p. m., of said day, the following described real estate, situated in Henry county, Ohio, to-wit:

The North half (1-2) of the North-west fractional quarter (1-4) of Section Nineteen (19), Township Number Six (6), North of Range Number Eight (8) East, containing 17 acres of land.

Appraised at \$1,925.

Terms of sale, cash.

FREDERICK ALLER, Sheriff of Henry county, Ohio.

Tyler & Donnelly, attorneys for plaintiff.

Napoleon, Ohio, June 12, 1886. \$3.70

Sheriff's Sale.

Francis M. Gensel, vs. Peter Dauber, et al.

Order of sale from Henry County Court of Common Pleas.

By virtue of an order of sale issued from the above named Court and to me directed as Sheriff of Henry county, I will offer at public sale at the north door of the Court House, in Napoleon, Ohio, on

Saturday, July 17, 1886,

at the hour of 2 o'clock, p. m., of said day, the following described real estate, situated in Henry county, Ohio, to-wit:

Commencing at a stake Thirty-six (36) rods West of the quarter post between Section Twenty-two (22) and Twenty-three (23), Town No. Five (5) North of Range No. Seven (7) East; thence South Fifty-four (54) rods to a stake; thence thence East to the corner of the Turkey Foot Creek (thence up channel of the said creek until it intersects a line running North to a stake on the corner line of Section Twenty-seven (27) Fifty-eight (58) rods and Three (3) links West of said quarter post; thence following said line North to the aforesaid stake; thence East Twenty-two (22) rods and Three (3) links to the place of beginning and containing Fifteen acres of land, but subject to all legal high-ways.

Appraised at \$650.

Terms of sale, cash.

FREDERICK ALLER, Sheriff of Henry county, Ohio.

Campbell & Van Campen, Atty. for Plt.

Napoleon, O., June 14th, 1886. \$11.70

Sheriff's Sale.

August Oberhouse, vs. Catharine Oberhouse, et al.

Order of sale from Wood County Court of Common Pleas.

By virtue of an order of sale issued from the above named Court and to me directed as Sheriff of Wood county, I will offer at public sale, in the county of Henry, and State of Ohio, to-wit:

The North Five-Eighths (5-8) of the East half of the South-east quarter of Section Four (4), Township Five (5) North, Range Six (6) East, being 50 acres more or less.

Appraised at \$3,200.

Terms of sale—One-third of purchase money to be paid on day of sale; one-third in one year and one-third in two years, the deferred payments to be secured by mortgage on the premises sold.

Said tracts of land will be sold free of debt.

Witness my hand and Seal of Office, this 14th day of June, 1886.

T. N. BRYAN, Plaintiff's Attorney. \$14.10

Sheriff's Sale.

Elton Booth, vs. L. G. Randall, et al.

Order of Sale from Henry County Court of Common Pleas.

By virtue of an order of Sale issued from the above named Court and to me directed as Sheriff of Henry county, I will offer at Public Sale at the north door of the Court House, in Napoleon, Ohio, on

Saturday, August 7, 1886,

at the hour of 2 o'clock, p. m., of said day, the following described Real Estate, situated in Henry county, Ohio, to-wit:

Lots 3, 4, 5, 15, 25, 35 and 51, of L. G. Randall's addition to the town of Napoleon, Henry county, Ohio.